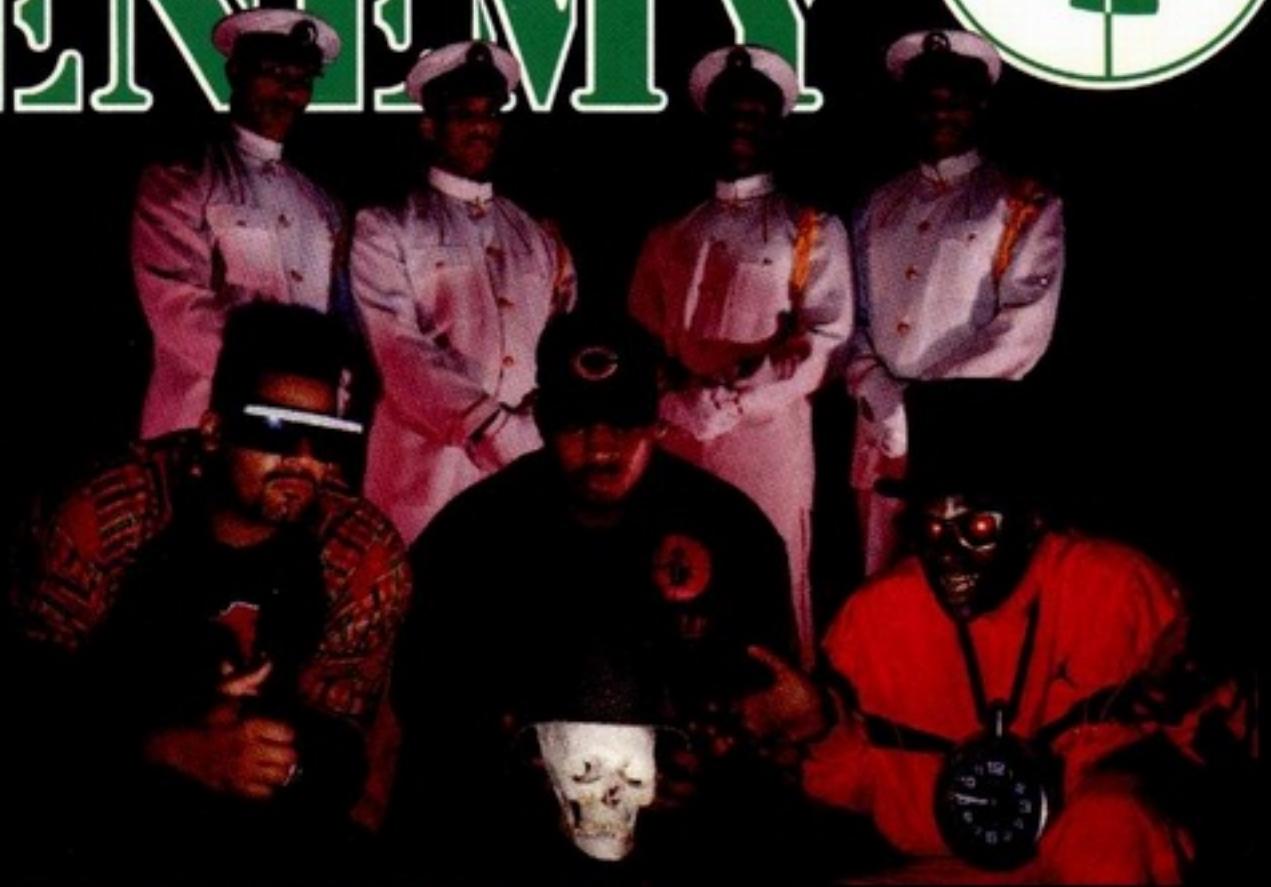


# PUBLIC ENEMY



## APOCALYPSE 91...THE DAY STRIKES BLACK

"IN JUSTICE IS DEFEATED" ... "JUSTICE EVOLVES ONLY AFTER INJUSTICE IS DEFEATED" ... "JUSTICE EVER

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Rebirth"

When I get down  
I give what go around  
And when I cough  
I do my best to cut it off  
I don't claim to be a preacher  
Not paid to be a teacher  
But I'm grown  
I try to be a leader to the bone  
Never could follow a man  
Wit' a bottle  
He's a baby wit' a beard  
Not a feared role model  
And they ask me where I got it  
I get it from my pops  
Wit' a man in the house  
All the bullshit stops  
Then I sing a song  
About what the hell is goin' wrong  
You never know  
If you only trust the TV and the radio  
These days  
You can't see who's in cahoots  
'Cause now the KKK  
Wears three-piece suits  
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all  
In fact you know it's like that y'all

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Can't Truss It"

Bass in your face  
Not an eight track  
Gettin' it good to the wood  
So the people  
Give you some a dat  
Reactin' to the fax  
That I kick and it stick  
And it stay around  
Pointin' to the joint, put the Buddha down  
Goin', goin', gettin' to the roots  
Ain't givin' it up  
So turn me loose  
But then again I got a story  
That's harder than the hardcore  
Cost of the holocaust  
I'm talin' 'bout the one still goin' on  
I know  
Where I'm from, not dum diddie dum  
From the base motherland  
The place of the drum  
Invaded by the wack diddie wack  
Fooled the black, left us faded  
King and chief probably had a big beef  
Because of dat now I grit my teeth  
So here's a song to the strong  
'Bout a shake of a snake  
And the smile went along wit dat  
Can't truss it  
Kickin' wicked rhymes  
Like a fortune teller  
'Cause the wickedness done by Jack  
Where everybody at  
Divided and sold  
For liquor and the gold  
Smacked in the back  
For the other man to mack  
Now the story that I'm kickin' is gory  
Little Rock where they be  
Dockin' this boat  
No hope I'm shackled  
Plus gang tackled  
By the other hand swingin' the rope  
Wearin' red, white and blue Jack and his crew  
The guy's authorized beat down for the brown  
Man to the man, each one so it teach one  
Born to terrorize sisters and every brother  
One love who said it

I know Whodini sang it  
But the hater taught hate  
That's why we gang bang it  
Beware of the hand  
When it's comin' from the left  
I ain't trippin' just watch ya step  
Can't truss it

An I judge everyone, one by the one  
Look here come the judge  
Watch it here he come now  
I can only guess what's happ'nin'  
Years ago he woulda been  
The ships captain  
Gettin' me bruised on a cruise  
What I got to lose, lost all contact  
Got me layin' on my back  
Rollin' in my own leftover

When I roll over, I roll over in somebody else's  
90 Fuckin' days on a slave ship  
Count 'em fallin' off 2, 3, 4 hun'ed at a time  
Blood in the wood and it's mine  
I'm chokin' on spit feelin' pain  
Like my brain bein' chained  
Still gotta give it what I got

But it's hot in the day, cold in the night  
But I thrive to survive, I pray to god to stay alive  
Attitude boils up inside  
And that ain't it (think I'll every quit)  
Still I pray to get my hands 'round  
The neck of the man wit' the whip  
3 months pass, they brand a label on my ass  
To signify  
Owned

I'm on the microphone  
Sayin' 1555  
How I'm livin'  
We been livin' here  
Livin' ain't the word  
I been givin'  
Haven't got

Classify us in the have-nots  
Fightin' haves  
'Cause it's all about money  
When it comes to Armageddon  
Mean I'm getting mine  
Here I am turn it over Sam  
427 to the year  
Do you understand  
That's why it's hard

For the black to love the land  
Once again  
Bass in your face  
Not an eight track

Gettin' it good to the wood  
So the people  
Give you some a dat  
Reactin' to the fax  
That I kick and it stick  
And it stay around  
Pointin' to the joint, put the Buddha down  
Goin', goin', gettin' to the roots  
Ain't givin' it up  
So turn me loose  
But then again I got a story  
That's harder than the hardcore  
Cost of the holocaust  
I'm talin' 'bout the one still goin' on  
I know  
Where I'm from, not dum diddie dum  
From the base motherland  
The place of the drum  
Invaded by the wack diddie wack  
Fooled the black, left us faded  
King and chief probably had a big beef  
Because of dat now I grit my teeth  
So here's a song to the strong  
'Bout a shake of a snake  
And the smile went along wit dat  
Can't truss it

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Lost At Birth"

Clear the way for the prophets of rage  
Engagin' on the stage, on a track  
Tell Jack stay in the back  
I was born  
Every level I'm on  
You're warned  
Just in case you forgot  
I pump in kilowatts  
To let 'em know which direction  
To go what's up I wanna know  
I test the front row  
Forgiven the givin' while the livin' is livin' it up  
So many people is sleepin' while standin' up  
Not dressed to impress or fess it  
That's it text to the brain like FedEx  
Treated one and the same  
'Cause the name of the game  
Don't give 'em checks above necks  
Some don't realize the same side  
Siddity in the city  
Suburbs or projects  
But we're livin' in a different time  
Some speed, some lead  
While some jus' pump rhymes  
Then again all in da same gang  
Info to flow  
And heal all below  
Let's go and find  
The piece of mind that's taken  
Or else the black  
or start breakin'  
Public Enemy no!

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Nighttrain"

Land of the free  
But the skin I'm in identifies me  
So the people around me  
Energize me  
Callin' all aboard this train ride  
Talkin' 'bout raw hardcore  
Leavin' frauds on the outside  
But the bad thing is anyone can ride the train  
And the reason  
For that is 'cause we look the same  
Lookin' all around at my so called friend  
Light skin to the brown  
The black  
Here we go again  
Homey over there knows Keith an  
But he be thiefin'  
I don't trust him  
Rather bust 'em  
Up out goes his hand and I cough  
He once stole from me  
Yeah I wanna cut it off  
The black thing is a ride I call the nighttrain  
It rides the good and the bad  
We call the monkey trained  
Trained to attack the black it's true  
'Cause some of them look just like you  
Stayin' on the scene  
Sittin' on the train  
See all the faces  
Look about the same  
There go the sellout who's takin' a ride like Cargo  
'Cause he deal  
The keys from Key Largo  
Runnin' Nat narcotic  
By George he got it  
Takin' makin' the G erotic  
And the fiends they scheme  
So he can put 'em down  
But his method is wreck 'em  
Put 'em in tha ground  
Got tha nerve as hell  
To yell brother man  
He ain't black man  
Known to murder his own  
Traitor on the phone  
Ridin' the train  
Self-hater trained

To sell pain  
The master's toy  
Little boy  
Hard to avoid he look wit' it but he null 'n' void  
'Cause he ridin' the train you think he down for the cause  
'Cause his face looks just like yours  
More of the same insane who sayin'  
Like flowin' like nightrain  
Runnin' the pain of the black reign  
You look, you laugh  
You doubt and go out  
And I'm gone  
But the bass goes on  
To talk the talk, but walk the walk  
The king of New York  
Crack a lack attack the black  
To crack the back  
Once again I test a friend wit' sincerity  
Or consider him an enemy  
Who am I to tell a lie  
Rather push da bush  
Hope da cracker get crushed  
I'm rollin' wit' rush  
Leader of the bum rush  
Russian I ain't  
Spreadin' like paint  
Lookin' at the put I got  
And its kickin'  
But it ain't chicken  
But it's livin' for a city  
So sick 'n' tired  
Of a scene buckwild, piled in a file  
Senile or chile  
They said it never been no worser  
Than this, I'm on the nightrain  
They hope ya don't miss it  
Give ya what dey gotta give you just go  
You musn't just put your  
Trust in every brother yo  
Some don't give a damn  
'Cause they the other man  
Worse than a bomb  
Posin' as Uncle Toms  
Disgracin' the race  
Blowin' up  
The whole crew  
Wit' some of them lookin'  
Just like you

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "I Dont Wanna Be Called Yo Niga"

Yo! ho! yo nig! yo nig! no nig!  
Check it out  
How can you say to me yo my nig!  
Cursin' up a storm with your finger on a trigger  
Feelin' all the girls like a big gold digger  
Take a small problem  
Make a small problem bigger  
Yo I ain't poor I got dough  
Don't consider me your brother no more  
Goddamn kilogram, how do you figure  
I don't want to be called yo nig!  
Yo nig!  
Hey  
Yo nig!  
I try to make my statements  
Stick like flypaper  
Judge says to me yo nig sign these goddamn papers  
My boss told me yo nig you're fired  
Yo nig this, yo nig that  
I know you're a nig now 'cause your head got fat  
Flava framalama boy you won't figure  
I don't wanna be called yo nig!  
Yo nig!  
Break it down  
N.I.G.G.E.R.  
Niga  
Everybody sayin' it  
Everybody playin' it rolling on the scales  
'Cause everybody's weighin' it  
Toby say yo I be good nig!  
Let me get a shovel make a good digger  
I don't care how small or bigger  
I don't want to be called yo nig!  
Yo nig...

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "How To Kill A Radio Consultant"

Pusher of the button  
Talkin' loud ain't sayin' nuttin'  
The mack of the format gettin' fat  
Ain't funny 'cause my neighborhood  
Is flowin' money  
Thank God 4 the boulevard  
They keep the motor runnin'  
The rap shows coincide wit' the tape flow  
Bootleggers go inside and record the record low  
They get me, get this now can you freestyle  
Freestyle no styles free except da radio  
But the radio controlled by the sucker move  
Who moved away got away after plannin' a getaway  
An now he wanna play what he wanna play  
An got say on what is bumpin' of course he's gettin' somethin'  
Never know what's good to tha neighborhood  
Swear I never seen da sucker  
In my necka da woods  
The ass is connected to the brain stem  
So I sing a simple song  
So you can see the sucker in 'em

People got to make a call  
To hear the yes y'all (yes y'all)  
While the phone keep ringin'  
You hear some singer singin'

Why don't dey play the jammy in the daytime  
People think it's slammin' plus the rhyme  
Is hot an got me tunin'  
The afternoon is FM in the PM  
Oh if that they could see 'im  
Out-of-towner not down I think they'll dis him  
Up goes the season, pop goes the weasel  
Damn gimme rap no band I want some x-clan  
I know dey even got it from the giddy  
Stacked in the back  
Only black radio station in the city  
Programmed by a sucker in a suit  
Slick back hair he don't even live here  
Raps the number one pick so I draft it  
I don't care about all the other demographics  
When the quiet storm come on I fall sleep  
What dey need is Arbitron on the funky jeep  
Too bad it's goin' on in fact my word is bond  
To pull a disappearin' act attack until he gone  
The whacker jam he play they pay I'm in da day

I don't think we gonna miss 'im we don't need 'im anyway

Can I kick it  
Who the hell is on the radio  
Or who's behind  
Do you really think they'll mind  
To play the funky jams  
That everybody wit'  
Some Def Jef or Ice T  
Show they rollin' wit' the syndicate  
Or can dey get funky  
Wit' the underground  
Master ace get a taste  
Bomb squad gettin' hard  
Marley marl makin' hipper  
Trax for Jack The Ripper  
Pumpin' Eric B or Papa San  
Still rollin' wit' run  
Did you think that ever  
In fact you thought that never  
Control of your soul  
Is by a suit and tie  
Then U wonder why why U never hear a rhyme  
I say we do 'im  
Till it's done

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "By The Time I Get To Arizona"

I'm countin' down to the day deservin'  
Fittin' for a king  
I'm waitin' for the time when I can  
Get to Arizona  
'Cause my money's spent on  
The goddamn rent  
Neither party is mine not the  
Jackass or the elephant  
20.000 nig niggy nigas in the corner  
Of the cell block but they come  
From California  
Population none in the desert and sun  
Wit' a gun cracker  
Runnin' things under his thumb  
Starin' hard at the postcards  
Isn't it odd and unique?  
Seein' people smile wild in the heat  
120 degree  
'Cause I wanna be free  
What's a smilin' fact  
When the whole state's racist  
Why want a holiday Fuck it 'cause I wanna  
So what if I celebrate it standin' on a corner  
I ain't drinkin' no 40  
I B thinkin' time wit' a nine  
Until we get some land  
Call me the trigger man  
Looki lookin' for the governor  
Huh he ain't lovin' ya  
But here to trouble ya  
He's rubbin' ya wrong  
Get the point come along

An he can get to the joint  
I urinated on the state  
While I was kickin' this song  
Yeah, he appear to be fair  
The cracker over there  
He try to keep it yesteryear  
The good ol' days  
The same ol' ways  
That kept us dyin'  
Yes, you me myself and I'ndeed  
What he need is a nosebleed  
Read between the lines  
Then you see the lie  
Politically planned

But understand that's all she wrote  
When we see the real side  
That hide behind the vote  
They can't understand why he the man  
I'm singin' 'bout a king  
They don't like it  
When I decide to mike it  
Wait I'm waitin' for the date  
For the man who demands respect  
'Cause he was great c'mon  
I'm on the one mission  
To get a politician  
To honor or he's a gonner  
By the time I get to Arizona

I got 25 days to do it  
If a wall in the sky  
Just watch me go thru it  
'Cause I gotta do what I gotta do  
PE number one  
Gets the job done  
When it's done and over  
Was because I drove'er  
Thru all the static  
Not stick but automatic  
That's the way it is  
He gotta get his  
Talin' MLK  
Gonna find a way  
Make the state pay  
Lookin' for the day  
Hard as it seems  
This ain't no damn dream  
Gotta know what I mean  
It's team against team  
Catch the light beam  
So I pray  
I pray everyday  
I do and praise jah the maker  
Lookin' for culture  
I got but not here  
From jah maker  
Pushin' and shakin' the structure  
Bringin' down the babylon  
Hearin' the sucker  
That make it hard for the brown  
The hard Boulova  
I need now  
More than ever now  
Who's sittin' on my freedah'  
Oppressor people beater  
Piece of the pick  
We picked a piece

Of land that we deservin' now  
Reparation a piece of the nation  
And damn he got the nerve  
Another nigga they say and classify  
We want too much  
My peep plus the whole nine is mine  
Don't think I even double dutch  
Here's a brother my attitude hit 'em  
Hang 'em high  
Blowin' up the 90s started tickin' 86  
When the blind get a mind  
Better start and earn while we sing it  
Now  
There will be the day we know those down and who will go

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Move"

Signed, sealed, delivered I B yours  
I pour it on the breaks  
Till it break laws  
Givin' the gabbin'  
So the brothers be havin' it  
Or else the five fingers of dope'll  
Be grabbin' it  
Wit' no complaints  
Givin' uppin' I ain't  
On the mike  
Like Karl Malone in the paint  
Why rip a rapper  
When he flow like water  
I rather rush a television reporter  
The frauds that tried to front  
Watch ya back  
Stop pullin' those lil' stunts  
Assault and battery  
'Cause I snatched the battery  
Off his back...the TV pack  
Why pop the rhyme  
On a rhymer when I kick it  
Rather spend my time, spittin' on a bigot  
Who pumped the pimp  
That fed the fiends  
He got jumped by the brothers in Ft. Green  
They slapped the mack  
That kept us back  
Sucker suckin' the hood like drack  
So if ya draggin' us down  
Wit' the wack attitude  
Get up, lookout, get out the way  
Move

Signed  
Sealed  
Definition of a set-up  
Pourin' it on and won't let up  
'Cause f-a-l-i-n  
Never applied  
To this brother that tried  
To let ya know  
The folk of the American joke  
That kept us broke  
Now I'm ready to rap  
Strong fax I swing  
Like Bo Jax

I'm never calm on a bomb track  
60 percent 3/fifths  
Constituted  
Huh prostituted  
Why I'm mad  
'Cause it's written on the paper  
Right now  
Muther Fuck bow  
Kicked  
The  
Lyric  
About  
The tricks  
Of the trade and the money made  
Who got the money betcha bottom  
Dollar bill  
Gonna find  
Some rich ol' bloodline  
But the blood is in the mud  
Take the whack an attack it  
Like a Skud  
To the patriotic hater  
That got paid off my people  
I'm rude  
Lookout, get out the way  
MOVE

Signed  
An what I'm gettin' is mine  
I bring the noise  
To town  
So let's get down  
I cranked the beats  
Tearin' up the street  
And the park  
An it ain't Mozart  
Jack movin' out  
'Cause the black movin' in  
And its old  
I said it in  
Who Stole The Soul?  
[Listen] but 92 bring  
An attitude  
That say I don't give a  
Fuck  
About the old way  
This is a new day  
Tell Jack stay in the back  
And all the other  
Suckers  
That don't matter  
You got  
Somethin' to prove

Scatter  
Get out the way  
MOVE!

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Shut Em Down"

I testified  
My mama cried  
Black people died  
When the other man lied  
See the TV, listen to me double trouble  
I overhaul and I'm comin'  
From the lower level  
I'm takin' tabs  
Sho nuff stuff to grab  
Like shirts it hurts  
Wit a neck to wreck  
Took a poll 'cause our soul  
Took a toll  
From the education  
Of a TV station  
But look around  
Hear go the sound of the wreckin' ball  
Boom and Pound  
When I  
Shut 'em down  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
What I use in the battle for the mind  
I hit it hard  
Like it supposed  
Pullin' no blows to the nose  
Like uncle L said I'm rippin' up shows  
Then what it is  
Only 5 percent of the biz  
I'm addin' woes  
That's how da way it goes  
Then U think I rank never drank, point blank  
I own loans  
Suckers got me runnin' from the bank  
Civil liberty I can't see to pay a fee  
I never saw a way to pay a sap  
To read the law  
Then become a victim of a lawyer  
Don't know ya, never saw ya  
Tape cued  
Gettin' me sued  
Playin' games wit' my head  
What the judge said put me in the red  
Got me thinkin' 'bout a trigger to the lead  
No no  
My education mind say  
Suckers gonna pay  
Anyway

There gonna be a day  
'Cause the troop they roll in  
    To posse up  
    Whole from the ground  
    Ready to go  
    Throw another round  
    Sick of the ride  
    It's suicide  
    For the other side of town  
When I find a way to shut 'em down  
    Who count the money  
    In da neigborhood  
    But we spendin' money  
    To no end lookin' for a friend  
    In a war to the core  
    Rippin' up the poor in da stores  
    Till they get a brother  
    Kickin' down doors  
    Then I figure I kick it bigger  
    Look 'em dead in the eye  
    And they wince  
    Defense is pressurized  
    They don't want it to be  
    Another racial attack  
    In disguise so give some money back  
    I like Nike but wait a minite  
The neighborhood supports so put some  
    Money in it  
    Corporations owe  
    Dey gotta give up the dough  
    To da town  
    or else  
    We gotta shut 'em down

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "More News At 11"

Yo yo yo gee, guess what happened  
To the burned up hand that was clappin'  
    Too good to be true  
Getting all the guys turn to get in doo-doo  
    Took it all for granted  
    Then life start turn to granted  
Having everything to having nothing  
Now this turkey ain't got no stuffing  
    On the couch ill puffing  
To get you buffin', it's you they got cuffin'  
    Your family they did not believe me  
Till they heard it for themselves on TV  
I called the crib, the clock said seven  
    More news at 11

*[Chorus:]*  
More news at 11

I was watching the TV screen  
    Can't believe what I seen  
Three guys tried to rob a store  
Got more than what they bargained for  
    They shot them right before my eyes  
    All three just dropped like flies  
If they only thought before they did it  
Neither one of those three would have been with it  
    As they fell to the floor and got rougher  
    Now the family has got to suffer  
    Pallbearers got to carry them  
While the family cry loud just to bury them  
Newscast and people were heavily amazed  
    Flavor Flav just stared in a daze  
    Eyewitness News - channel seven  
    More news at 11

This is Harry Allen hip hop activist and media  
assassin with my co-anchor Flavor Flav for P.E.  
TV and by the way if you still think that they're that  
    don't believe the hype

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "1 Million Bottlebags"

One million bottlebags count 'em  
Think they can bounce the ounce  
And it get 'em  
Yo black spend 288 million  
Sittin' there waitin' for the fizz  
And don't know what the fuck it is  
An oh lemme tell you 'bout shorty  
He about seventeen lookin' like 40  
Treats his 40 dog better than his g  
When he gets a big b-o-t-t-l-e  
Oh he loves tha liquor  
But look watch shorty get sicker  
Year after year  
While he's thinkin' it's beer  
But it's not but he got it in his gut  
So what the fuck  
Yo nigga what's up  
Now he's hostile to a brother lookin' out  
But I ain't mad I know what he about  
He's just a slave to the bottle and the can  
'Cause that's his man  
The malt liquor man  
One million bags count 'em all  
Other man gets happy  
Watch the killas drink 8 ball  
Don't know a damn thing  
But his breath stinkin'  
Then I ask a question you brother  
What the fuck is you drinkin'  
He don't know but it flow  
Out the bottle in a cup  
He call it gettin' fucked up  
Like we ain't fucked up already  
See the man they call Crazy Eddie  
Liquor man with the bottle in his hand  
He give the liquor man ten to begin  
Wit' no change and he run  
To get his brains rearranged  
Serve it to the home they're able  
To do without a table  
Beside what's inside ain't on the label  
They drink it thinkin' it's good  
But they don't sell the shit in the white neighborhood  
Exposin' the plan they get mad at me I understand  
They're slaves to the liquor man  
Back to my homeboy shorty  
He can drink it down

And think nuttin' about it  
Pass it around and get tha 40 dog buzz  
At the same time  
Shorty can't remember what day it was  
Say I'm yellin' is fact  
Genocide kickin' in yo back  
How many times have you seen  
A black fight a black  
After drinkin' down a bottle  
Or a malt liquor six-pack  
Malt liquor bull  
What it is is bullshit Colt  
45 another gun to the brain  
Who's sellin' us pain  
In the hood another up to no good  
Plan that's designed by the other man  
But who drink it like water  
One and on till the stores reorder it  
Brothers cry broke but they still affordin' it  
Sippin' it lick drink it down oh nooo  
Drinkin' poison but they don't know  
It used to be wine  
A dollar and a dime  
Same man, drink in another time  
They could be hard as hell and don't give a damn  
But still be a sucker to the liquor man

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Get The Fck Outta Dodge"

(feat. True Mathematics)

[CHUCK D:]  
I was wheelin'  
Wit' the boom in the back  
The treble was level  
I like it like that  
I was rolly-roll-a-roll rollin'  
5-o looked and said hold it  
And I stopped still  
I never got ill  
'Cause my license was clean an I showed  
A peace powwow  
Instead of pow pow  
I'm straight up and I'm straight  
So how you like me now  
But I know how you do  
You're straight from Babylon  
But I know how you do  
You're straight from Babylon  
They said turn it down  
'Cause it's a new law  
You never seen us before  
But we're raw like a war  
They warned me once  
They warned me twice  
So I knew I was warned  
They had it goin' on  
I got the fuck outta Dodge  
Wit' my Bronco  
60 miles per hour  
50 miles to go  
And I be pumpin' the sound  
Drownin' out the cars  
Which tape should I rock  
L.L.'s or R.A.'s  
I'm in the streets of New York  
(Go away)  
So I pop in my Kool G Rap 'n' Polo tape  
And they was at it again  
Sirens in the air  
Ahhh shit  
So I'm outta here  
But the blue in the front  
Called the blue in the back  
They cut me off  
Stopped me dead in my tracks  
But this is minimal

I'm not a criminal  
I always did what I did  
Because I'm not a kid  
But they looked me down  
They stared me down  
Told me what I did  
I ain't wit' it  
'Cause word around town was a stickup  
    Yeah, yeah, yeah  
    B-boy niga in a pickup  
But I was jeepin' and creepin'  
Just a keepin' it down, sound  
    Here we go the run around  
Blamin' me for the hardcore roar  
But they the ones wit' the 44's  
    So I'm coolin'  
    I know the beat is rulin'  
    Too loud for the crowd  
    The bass is large yeah  
So I'll get the fuck outta Dodge  
That's right y'all, el commando  
El commando you're in demand-o

*[SGT HAWKES:]*

Sgt. Hawkes and I'm down wit' the cop scene  
I'm a rookie and I'm rollin' wit' a swat team  
    Packin' a nine can't wait to use it  
    Crooked cop yeah that's my music  
Up against the wall don't gimme no lip son  
A bank is robbed and you fit the description  
And I ain't your mama and I ain't your pops  
Keep your music down or you might get shot  
    This is a warning so watch your tail  
    Or I'm a have to put your ass in jail  
    I'm the police and I'm in charge  
You don't like it get the fuck outta Dodge

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "A Letter To The New York Post"

Come and get your New York Post  
New York Post right here  
Come on y'all  
Get the bost stubost stubost  
Coasta coasta New York Post  
Yo New York Post don't brag or boast  
Dissin' flavor when he's butter that you put on your toast  
Put my address in the paper cause I smacked that girl  
She's the mother of my kid's that I took around the world  
Disagreements having scuffles when you share upon  
You shouldn't try to drain subjects in a duck pond  
If you're gonna tell a story about people's worries  
Watch what you tell 'em cause they don't bring you glory  
It only brings agony, ask James Cagney  
He beat up on a guy when he found he was a fagney  
Cagney is a favorite he is my boy  
He don't jive around he's a real McCoy  
Chuck D yeah, you tellin' Flav we got to let 'em know  
Here's a letter to the New York Post  
The worst piece of paper on the east coast  
Matter of fact the whole state's forty cents  
in New York City fifty cents elsewhere  
It makes no goddamn sense at all  
America's oldest continuously published daily piece of bullshit  
Flavor Flav is the one that makes The Post money  
Writers making violence in headlines funny  
Tryin' to undress my past until it's naked  
Post got Flavor from sellin' no records  
Europe Asia to the street of New York  
Flavor Flav known for his finesse talk  
Do it to ya for The Post to employ me  
New York Post can't destroy me  
Rapper of Public Enemy, rapstar beats lover  
With the headline of a fucked up cover  
Out the pot took plate New York Post  
get your story straight motherfucker  
It always seem they make our neighborhood look bad  
Here's a letter to the New York Post  
Ain't worth the paper it's printed on  
Founded in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton  
That is 190 years continuous of fucked up news  
Yo one can play the game, two can play the game  
Yo Flav read on can't forget you either Jet  
Flavor Flav is your best Jet yet  
My own people own the most business  
Write on faith of value'sness  
Should have checked with me before you wrote it

Got it from another source and quote it  
Put it out like the new year bull drop  
In every beauty parlor and barber shop  
Flavor Flav world renown  
Can't keep a man like Flavor down  
Yo Jet be a good host  
Don't print bull like the New York Post  
Augh, looks like somebody slipped up here  
Anyway here's a letter to the New York Post  
Black newspaper and magazines are supposed to get the real deal  
from the source y'all  
Sorry, Jet you took the info straight out of The Post  
Burned us just like toast  
When it comes to getting you facts straight about P.E.  
Get your shit correct

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Bring Tha Noize"

Bass! How low can you go?  
Death row what a brother knows  
Once again, back is the incredible  
The rhyme animal  
The incredible D. Public Enemy number one  
Five-O said "Freeze!" and I got numb  
Can't I tell 'em that I really never had a gun?  
But it's the wax that the Terminator X spun  
Now they got me in a cell 'cause my records they sell  
'Cause a brother like me said "Well  
Farrakhan's a prophet and I think you ought to listen to  
What he can say to you, what you ought to do"  
Follow for now, power to the people say,  
"Make a miracle. D, pump the lyrical"  
Black is back, all in, we're gonna win  
Check it out, yeah y'all, here we go again

*[Chorus:]*

Turn it up! Bring tha noize!

Never badder than bad 'cause the brother is madder than mad  
At the fact that's corrupt as a senator  
Soul on a roll, but you treat it like soap on a rope  
'Cause the beats in the lines are so dope  
Listen for lessons I'm saying inside music that the critics are blasting me for  
They'll never care for the brothers and sisters now across the  
country has us up for the war

We got to demonstrate, come on now, they're gonna have to wait  
Till we get it right  
Radio Stations I question their blackness  
They call themselves black, but we'll see if they play this

*[Chorus]*

Get from in front of me, the crowd runs to me  
My deejay is warm, he's X, I call him Norm, ya know  
He can cut a record from side to side  
So what, the ride, the glide should be much safer than a suicide  
Soul control, beat is the father of your rock'n'roll  
Music for whatcha, for whichin', you call a band, man  
Makin' a music, abuse it, but you can't do it, ya know  
You call 'em demos, but we ride limos, too  
Whatcha gonna do? Rap is not afraid of you  
Beat is for Sonny Bono, beat is for Yoko Ono  
Run DMC first said a deejay could be a band  
Stand on its feet, get you out your seat

Beat is for Eric B, and L.L. as well, hell  
Wax is for Anthrax, still it can rock bells  
    Ever forever, universal, it will sell  
    Time for me to exit, Terminator X-it

*[Chorus]*

From coast to coast, so you stop being like a comatose  
'Stand, my man? The beat's the same with a boast dose  
    Rock with some pizzazz, it will last why you ask?  
Roll with the rock stars, still never get accepted as  
    We got to plead the fifth, we can investigate  
    Don't need to wait, get the record straight  
Hey, posse's in effect, got the Flavor Terminator  
    X to sign checks, play to get paid  
    We got to check it out down on the avenue  
A magazine or two is dissing me and dissing you  
    Yeah, I'm telling you